

The **AUTHOR** & JOURNALIST

APRIL
1925

Atmosphere---And Other Things

By Warren Hastings Miller

The Art of Sabatini

By Edwin Hunt Hoover

The Writer and the Radio

By Oliver Jenkins

The Story "Arch" and Its Unity

(PART 2, "THE UNITY")

By Thomas Hall Shastid, LL. B., Etc.

The Literary Market

*What the Magazines Are Buying, Prize
Contests, Changes*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 1835 CHAMPA ST., DENVER, COLO.
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THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST'S Literary Market Tips

*Gathered Monthly from Authoritative
Sources*

Harry Stephen Keeler, for years serial-story editor of the *Chicago Ledger* and subsequently of *10 Story Book*, writes: "The Lambert Publishing Company, room 1009, Morton Building, 538 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, with which I have become affiliated, will be, from this notice on, in the market for book-length novels for its new magazine, the name of which has not yet been definitely decided upon. By this we mean that we are prepared to accept and print stories as long as 100,000 words. We want an absorbing story, but we also want a richer type of story than the mere machine-made serial in which there is nothing but action. Such things as characterization, atmosphere or a theme, which almost always mark the successful novel published between cloth covers, will be welcomed by us, just so long as the story is also there! In other words, we are in the market for stories that have been written primarily for book publication as well as those written for magazines. We believe that any story that is intensely interesting, and starts in that manner, has as much so-called 'serial interest' as the mechanically constructed yarn known as a serial, with its artificial curtains on the end of each chapter. We intend to buy up quite a few novels in advance. What type of novel? It must be intensely interesting, and begin so. While we believe that a novel written with a golf ball as its hero would be quite absorbing to a golf-maniac, we are nevertheless commercial enough to realize that we have to appeal to the greatest number of people. That, therefore, will make us extremely partial to novels of mystery and sex. We are willing to be convinced on other matters, however, and if a novel is really sensational in some other manner not foreseen at that time, we could even overlook the lack of mystery and sex in its makeup. Whatever you have of literary merit in your manuscripts aside from your plot and story, we won't blue-pencil out as most of the magazines do, leaving only an elongated movie scenario. We believe that a story should be rich in other things besides the quality of the drama it portrays. Rates for the present will be \$1000 for a 100,000-word story, and pro rata for shorter or longer novels, payable prior to publication, for first American serial rights only; but if you have several books to your credit, a name in that field and hence a real book following in America, we will talk larger prices and we think we will interest you. Novel manuscripts can be sent by express or mail to the above address, either to Harry Stephen Keeler or to the Lambert Publishing Company, and the best of care will be taken of them while in our possession. Decisions will necessarily be given somewhat in the order received. Authors who have books which have been brought out in England but of which the story has not appeared here either in magazine or book form, may submit their bound work just as though in manuscript form."

McClure's Magazine is now at 250 Park Avenue, New York. S. S. McClure, editor, states: "We will use poetry occasionally in the magazine, generally lyric poems. We have no fixed rate of payment, that being determined on the merit of the individual contributions."

D. A. C. News, Detroit, Mich., Charles A. Hughes, manager, writes: "I think we should be in list 'A' in your Handy Market List as our rates to authors are about the highest of any magazine I know. I rarely ever pay less than five cents a word, and the rate runs as high as fifteen, twenty and twenty-five."

College Comics, 221 E. Cullerton Street, Chicago, is the new name of *Co-ed Magazine*, formerly at 221 E. Twentieth Street, Chicago. W. Robert Jenkins, the new managing editor, states: "*College Comics* will use short stories, 2000 to 3000 words preferred; humorous skits, jokes, features and clever and comic verses, paying 1 cent up on acceptance."

Triple-X, Robbinsdale, Minn., J. G. Smalley, associate editor, reports: "*Triple-X* wants some short detective mystery, railroad, and sport stories. We want to line up some short winter sports and boxing yarns especially. We call your attention to the features *Triple-X* is carrying. Prompt action and liberal pay are given contributors with short features of remarkable men of action and for out-of-the-ordinary adventures in foreign places."

Motor Camper and Tourist, 53 Park Place, New York City, is concentrating on articles confined to the United States. The editor, John D. Long, advises a contributor: "We still have so much of the United States to cover and so little space in which to accomplish the task that we shall have to defer the consideration of foreign touring until some future date."

Journeys Beautiful, 150 Lafayette Street, New York City, writes an author through its associate editor, Miss Mildred Seitz, in regard to Switzerland: "At present we have all the material on that country in hand we can use." The magazine is especially desirous of obtaining stories of out-of-the-way places. The editor, Wirt W. Barnitz, further advises: "Do not confine yourself too much to one city. A jaunt of several days or so seems to me to lend itself much better to the type of article we use."

Pearson's Magazine, 157 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, resumed publication with the February issue, having been suspended since last fall. The new magazine features reviews of the arts and social thought of the times. Alexander Marky is again the editor.

The Stratford Monthly, 234 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., has been suspended.

(Continued on Page 22.)

Prize Contests

The Progressive Grocer, 912 Broadway, New York, N. Y., will pay \$2 each for acceptable "clever situations, puns or smart sayings relating to grocery stores or grocery products" for its new two-page pen-sketch feature. "The Grocery Store Follies," in which, as if from the stage of a Follies show, daringly undressed females (often personifying grocery store products) are addressing "comedy, jokes, wise cracks and quips," always pertaining to the grocery trade, to their vaudevilainous partners of either sex. Other broad, punny "gags" not as if presented on-stage, are sprinkled in by the staff artist illustrating humorously the ideas, with credit. These are distinct from the type of jokes used in its humor department. Address Follies Editor.

Our Dumb Animals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, is offering prizes of \$30 and \$20 for the two best cartoons published in any periodical in the United States during the month of April, 1925, illustrating the "be kind to animals" idea. It is requested such cartoons appear in the press during the Be Kind to Animals Week, April 13 to 18, or on Humane Sunday, April 19, but cartoons published in any periodical on any day in April, 1925, will be eligible, provided copies of the papers containing them are received at the above office not later than May 10, 1925. All entries should bear name and date of periodical with name and address of artist and be addressed to Cartoon Contest editor. Unpublished cartoons are not eligible.

Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for *Liberty* and for a motion picture, for which *Liberty* will pay \$50,000 in cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion under the conditions of the contest. *Liberty* states that it will buy for cash at standard publishing rates any other stories selected, offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication. The contest is divided into two parts. Part One provides the idea may be submitted in a synopsis of 2500 words or less, the best one of which will be awarded \$25,000. The author is to tell in his own language the main features of the plot, describing the leading characters, hero, heroine, villain, etc. What is wanted is an idea. The ability to write fiction is not necessary. The words "Synopsis for \$50,000.00 Prize Story" must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. Part Two provides that the idea may be submitted in complete story form, ready for publication. For the complete story another \$25,000 in cash will be paid. A synopsis must be sent, however, with all complete stories. The words "Complete Story" must be written at the top of the first story sheet. If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the publishers of *Liberty*, or if no story has been sent with the winning synopsis, the publishers of *Liberty* will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the \$25,000 described in Part Two. Upon payment by the publishers of *Liberty* of the \$25,000 for the synopsis and (or) the \$25,000 for the

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Word Warfare

BY CLYDE ROBERTSON

Decorative Wood Cut by Sheila Burlingame

I care not for words of shopworn hue,
Where the dove's gray breast and the pearly dew
Vie with the tint of the violet blue,
Where the rosy blush of a day new-born
Greets the crowing cock of the incensed morn.

Slick slithering sounds that sleekly slide
Through the patterned rhymes of the dull bromide.

High noon for me—and the scorching heat
Of words that sizzle and burn and beat
Through the smug veneer of our souls' retreat.
Live vibrant words that shock and sting
Like a clanging fire bell's warning ring.

Hot writhing words that wound and sear
And leave red scars on our smug veneer.

Black night for me—and the startling crash
Of words that flare and burst and flash
Like a rocket's flame in skyward dash.
Wild frenzied words of fury, mad,
Whose savage force makes demons glad.

Red riotous words whose inflammable wings
Leave a seething trail of unutterable things;
Words that pierce like a darting spear
With a rapier thrust through our smug veneer.

Atmosphere---And Other Things

Not Description, Plot Situations or Other Externals Will Produce Atmosphere—The Secret Lies in Portraying Their Effect Upon the Characters

By Warren Hastings Miller

Fiction Writer, Author of "The Day's Work," "The Theme Chart," "Selling," Etc.

"ONE thing that hurts this story is the distinct lack of atmosphere. Fact piled on fact—interesting facts, all—but the 'feel' somehow seems not to be there."

Did you ever have an editor who was kind enough to write you something like that? The poor man was groping for something that was not there. He could not tell you how or why, but he could feel it—and with him the casual reader, if he was unwise enough to publish that story.

I puzzled some time over this lack in my story. It seemed to me redolent of Celebes—took me right back there. Nothing significant had been left out of the scene. The facts were all there, and in their proper place. Yet to me also the thing lacked atmosphere. A significant and elusive quality is that characteristic trait of a first-class story; essential, if it is really to grip the reader. How are we to work it into our tale? What secret is there, what principle, by the observance of which a writer can see to it that one's story possesses atmosphere?

It has not been my good fortune ever to have read anything by any writer telling us how he solved the atmosphere problem. We can decide definitely beforehand what atmosphere shall breathe through the story from start to finish, but how are we to get it there?

Poe and Conrad may be taken as two masters of English most successful in producing and maintaining an atmosphere in their stories. I studied them both assiduously to discover their method. Conrad, as a modern and one of this day's style in handling and method, appealed to me as the master nearest to us present-day scribblers. His "Nostromo" has undoubtedly the truest atmos-

phere of South American conditions ever penned. We have the whole spirit of the country there, the influence of the scenery—the stupendous Andes and the stern littoral—upon the people, the peculiar type of mind inhabiting South American politicians, the type of Nostromo himself, that magnificent Capataz de Cargadores. How did Conrad produce the distinct atmosphere of South America—and its western coast only—in that novel?

The first chapter portrays the scenery of the Isabels, the windless gulf, the stern headlands, the snowy peaks of the Andes, with one mighty monarch dominating them all. Comparing with my own first chapter of the Celebes novel, we find the same scenic introduction, the lagoon, the labyrinth of palm islets which take such a prominent part in the action, the little ragged Malay town, the jungly hills. Mystery and the unknown pervade it; the puzzling signal-fire seen in the mountains, the lone rocket ascending into the sky, the armed proa sailing slowly across the face of the rising moon. Atmosphere, undoubtedly, but only atmosphere of place.

AS the stories advance we begin to note differences. Nostromo comes on-stage; then the Englishman and his wife; then the grafting politicians; then the fine old hidalgos of the town. The Garibaldino, his wife and daughters take their places in the story. All bring in more atmosphere distinct and forcible. Why?

Turning to the Celebes story, the Curator and his two assistants, their natives, the old village chief, the weak-kneed nephew, the unscrupulous Abdullah, all come on-stage. We see the Celebesian town and people as they see it, we pick up no end of detail of

interest, we learn plenty of strange facts about that peculiar old island—but no atmosphere is forthcoming. Why?

These are facts which drive the struggling author to despair. He senses the lack, and the editor does; yet what in the world is the remedy? I gave it up, after a deal of comparative study, chapter by chapter, between "Nostromo" and "The Pirate Archipelago." The story was sold to an editor who could see no lack of atmosphere in it; yet I was not satisfied. There *was* a secret principle involved to which I had not discovered the key.

And then one night six months later my subconscious mind gave what I believe is the true answer. I jumped out of bed and wrote it down. I quote it verbatim: *The atmosphere of a short-story is the state of mind of the principal character. It is the mood that envelops him, engendered by the situation. Whether of terror, dread, fortitude, cheerfulness, the haze of love, it is the state of feeling produced in his mind by the situation and environment of the story.*

I BELIEVE this to be the root of atmosphere. Your task is to make the reader *feel* the place he is in, the disturbing situation he is in, the state of mind that obsesses the hero, who is none other than the reader for the time. Externals, fact piled on fact, will not do it. Scenery will not do it, except in so far as it contributes to the mood of the hero. The grip of the situation will not do it, unless you can successfully present the state of mind of the hero *in* the grip of that situation. But a story in which your reader is placed inside your principal character, and so feels and sees everything in the mood the situation induces, will have atmosphere. Take "Nostromo": You first feel the spell of the Isabels and the coastal mountain landscape as any observer might. Then you see and feel the revolution as Nostromo does and think as he does about it all. Then you meet the Englishman and his wife and see the whole problem of these people and the silver mine as they do. We get the Garibaldi's standpoint on it; the various grafters' and filibusters'; the old hidalgo's. The result is atmosphere. You *feel* that story as you do no other of South or Central America. Davis's things are mere fustian beside it.

The keynote of atmosphere should be struck at the outset and maintained through-

out. That is, be careful at the outset of the action to acquaint your reader with the principal character's state of mind, his reaction to it all. How would *you* feel in this situation? What effect on you would this scenery have? What attitude have you toward these people who crowd the action and are bulging in upon your personal life? Atmosphere, at once; the state of mind which envelops your hero like an aura and influences everything he thinks and does. Get that into the story strong, if you have to sweat for it.

Stories without atmosphere are unconvincing, then, because they fail to arouse in the reader the state of mind of the principal character. Either they neglect it entirely or put it in the form of author's comment. This latter is old-fashioned, Poe's, and will not cut in deep with the modern reader. Poe talks at you, in horrific words. We note that an atmosphere is being built up, but we fail to respond because it is too dissociated with the principal character in the action. Conrad improved on that, among other new things, in telling a story, and got to the root of the matter. If your reader does not see all that happens with the feelings of the main character the effect is lost or dulled or comes in second-hand. No author's description of tense situations bites in unless felt by the author first, is set forth through the principal characters, and through them conveyed to the reader.

These ideas seem to me the main guideposts in providing a story with real atmosphere, the kind that gets the reader into a state of mind where he is as oblivious of everything around him not having to do with the plot as the main character himself is. You could shout at him and he would not hear. You have seen people "come out of a book" with a wondering and inquiring stare after being poked at and shouted at for minutes. Well, that book has atmosphere, as well as plot interest, or it could hold no one. A small boy named W. H. M. once came out of "Tom Sawyer" that way—to find a frightened aunt beseeching him to run for the police, and a mad Irish cook dancing a rigadon on the lawn. She had just hurled a cast-iron frying pan through the dining-room window and smashed a china closet full of cut glass without my having heard a sound. Nor was I aware of my aunt and two frightened servants until I was dragged by the ears out of that book and ran full speed for the police station. No one will

deny that "Tom Sawyer" has atmosphere. The atmosphere of boyhood—and why? Because we feel life as Tom and Huck feel it, a state of mind never to be captured again later in life.

PEOPLE have written me asking that I go further into the matter of Unity—or "utility" as this magazine was good enough to print it, thereby confusing numerous literal-minded souls unable to recognize a printer's error. I should venture that Unity derives from Theme and Atmosphere. In a short-story the hero generally goes through with the situation to its solution in *one* mood. Any change would require a lot of explanation, except possibly *the* climactic change when all the conditions influencing his mind by the denouement take place. Go to Hawthorne for unity. You will find no wavering from the theme there, no deviation from the atmosphere. You can put a name to the unity of any of his books; Weirdness for "The House of the Seven Gables," Sternness for "The Scarlet Letter." The weird old house, the weird old chickens, the weird old aunt, the crazy brother, the ancestral aunt driven mad by hypnotism, the weird House of Maule, the equally wierd House of Pyncheon, they all contribute to the unity of "The House of the Seven Gables." It reaches its climax in that wonderful chapter, "Governor Pyncheon," a masterpiece of weirdness, in which Hawthorne's fancy plays on the seated figure of the dead Pyncheon in his ancestral chair throughout the lights and shadows of twenty-four hours. One of the greatest chapters in English literature, that one! Turning to the theme—that all famous old families need a final submergence in the general populace for the regenerative vitalization of new blood—we find no deviation through the long book. It marches on to a relentless conclusion with the marriage of the last of the Pyncheons to a descendant of the House of Maule, the humble carpenter.

Glance over your "Scarlet Letter" once more for Unity. Sternness is the keynote of it. The stern old Puritans, the relentless Chillingworth, the uncompromising citizens of Boston town, the fanatically savage with himself Dimmesdale—these give the atmosphere of the book. Equally true to his unity is Hawthorne with his theme. He follows it through to its uncompromising climax with the Letter seared on Dimmesdale's breast—

when any man in his senses would have run off with the girl and be damned to them all! But no; he keeps on punishing himself until he stands before them all on the pillory platform baring his guilty breast. That is unity; sternness of atmosphere, relentless following through with the theme. Dimmesdale was an ass, of course. I for one would have made off with the girl and started somewhere else where people had hearts, for a good wife is worth all the Puritans who ever misread the Bible. But for Hawthorne to have let him do that—when the girl makes the only sensible proposal in the book—would have destroyed his unity entirely. As Life "The Scarlet Letter" is a poor, flabby thing: he gets the girl into trouble, and then, because of his high and mighty religiosity, cannot seem to marry her—small business and mean, when you think of the great love the girl gave him. That she was married already to an elderly demon of the nature of Chillingworth makes no difference; he had no business to in the first place. But as a picture of life and thought among the Puritans, and of their amusing religious obsessions, "The Scarlet Letter" is full and complete, a striking example of Unity. The only person who is not stern and uncompromising in the book is Hawthorne himself, who, gentleman that he is, cannot refrain from author's comments that are tender-hearted and tolerant and forgiving—as witness the closing passages of the book. Also the introduction, in which that dear old animal of an inspector is so delightfully dealt with.

PENCIL sketches: This is a new development with me, one that I suppose every real author uses but that may be of interest to commencing writers. I usually travel on the smaller Mediterranean boats because they are filled with Italians, Portuguese, Spanish, Syrians, Madeirans, Greeks, French, Egyptians, Turks—never more than one or two Americans, and no English. Mine own people are somewhat fatiguing, as ocean passengers. As a rule they are noisy and blatantly ignorant tourists, and one has but to read the latest editorial in the *Times* or the *Transcript* to know just what they think. But the mind of the Levantine is otherwise. Also their faces; and therein comes the value of verbal pencil sketches. There were no end of story characters on the Roma, coming home via Denia in Spain

and Lisbon (capital city of Portugal, situated on the Tagus, but do you know what it looks like?). A beautiful Spanish girl got on at Denia, and an equally beautiful Portuguese at Lisbon. Types, both, but with marked differences. I built stories around first one, then the other. And then came a poor and flabby memory to destroy any attempts to picture those girls so that they would stand out clearly and with such marked characteristics that the subtle but amazing differences between Spanish and Portuguese beauty would be unmistakable. That Spanish girl, with her brilliant hazel eyes and vivacious features! Put her in a mantilla and a comb and a fan and how she would wallow in a story! The Portuguese, all soft loveliness, with her rich olive skin tinted with rose—I will not attempt to describe them to you, but I went up and made pencil sketches, in words, of them both, feature by feature. From them I hope to assemble the general effect, some day. It was easy to do this without embarrassing them, unobserved as they played cards or talked

with the young officers of the ship who were all outrageous flirts. I carried it on with the men types, the Turkish violinist who sat next me at table, the Syrian paterfamilias with great features like a Holstein cow's and a nose that told one he was really much more like a tiger, the Madeiran architect, the sikh coming over here to study government in America. You may think that such faces are indelibly impressed on your memory, but try this experiment: Make a pencil sketch and put it away. Then four months later draw that character as you remember him or her. Compare with the pencil sketch, and see how much you have forgotten. And it is these facial details, expression, character, that make up the external man as the reader sees him. A few salient features are not enough. Without any boring cataloguing, facet after facet must be shown as the story progresses, if at the end the reader is even tolerably to visualize your character. Hence the verbal pencil note, done as an artist does a sketch.

The Keyword of the Sentence

By Gertrude R. Carmen

TOIL over the selection of your verb. Thereby does your sentence live. It is the most arresting word, the most resourceful, the most vital.

The noun is impassive until the verb breathes upon it life. The adjective may clothe it most beautifully but upon the verb it turns a suppliant for life itself.

Seek for verbs that make a double appeal, that indicate a change, that besides their present meaning portray a previous condition. Stand, point, look, touch, eat, etc., are verbs of single meaning; but take, flock, straighten, settle, dry, separate, fulfill—besides their active quality these verbs convey a picture or a suggestion of a former state of affairs.

Maupassant made exquisite use of many such verbs. For instance, in "The Necklace," "She wiped her wet cheeks." How choice-ful he was of picture words. The verb, its object and modifier all tell us that she had wept.

The selection of the verb often means a saving of sentences. Once I was groping for a word that would say that an eye had

been rolling about and then directed itself upon a certain object. Imagine my delight when I captured the word "settled." "She settled an evil eye upon Jake."

The verb (and the adjective so far as it partakes of the qualities of the verb) is the dramatic word in the sentence. Therefore animate your story with verbs that arouse in your reader the sensations of the five physical senses, or the feelings of the emotional senses, love, hate, joy, fear, sorrow, etc.

Kipling writes of the "blue boulders in midstream *quivering* with the heat"—a picture for the eye; and the "withered bamboo *clanking* when the hot winds blew"—a pen-sound for the ear.

"Feed my sheep." How the word "feed" appeals! Love, trust, faith, all three.

"And when he *hath found* it, he *layeth* it on his shoulders *rejoicing*." Who can read this sentence without sensing the physical strength of the man and without experiencing his tenderness and joy.

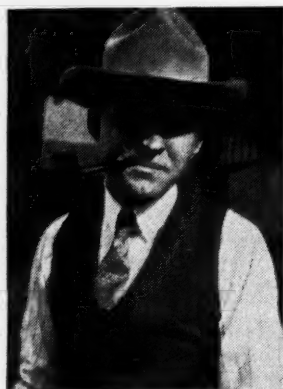
Wherever there is a passage of strong appeal there is a powerful verb at work.

The Art of Sabatini

Let Us Take This Powerful Novel Apart and See What "Makes It Tick"—Subleties of Craftsmanship That Enable a Novel to Mirror Life

By Edwin Hunt Hoover

As this article was being prepared, there appeared in the newspapers an announcement that Rafael Sabatini had been awarded the \$10,000 prize offered by Adolph Zukor to the writer whose story or play made the best motion picture in the year which ended Sept. 1, 1924. "Scaramouche" was selected, the report stated, because "above all it was a good story—written with broad strokes and in heroic mood—and the prize was offered primarily to a story-teller." The following analysis of the tale from the standpoint of its craftsmanship is therefore especially timely.



EDWIN HUNT HOOVER

THE MAN or woman who makes a living with the pen—or typewriter—reads thoughtfully with a view to education rather than entertainment. If a novel is dry, one may still derive a benefit from it provided that the workmanship is meritorious, although the general public may be disappointed and get little or nothing from the book. If there is a subtle craftsmanship, characterization or situation that stimulates imagination and furnishes an idea, the time is well spent so far as the writer-reader is concerned; a stagnant "think-tank" is, perhaps, replenished; thought flows more easily; plot germs begin to circulate; or it may be that a story already in mind takes on more complete form as a result of the reader's efforts to devise a more dramatic climax than appears on the printed page; or he may be able to improve on a faulty motivation.

With what joy, then, does an author, no matter how humble, pursue the work of an exalted fellow craftsman, whose novel contains all the elements of entertainment com-

bined with educational qualities raised to the nth degree! His critical perceptions no less whetted, he looks for flaws in construction, faulty motivation and limping crises, and, finding none of these, loses himself in the story and comes out of the trance with a completely renovated brain. In retrospect he can enjoy it all over again, perhaps more keenly than at first reading, for then follows his personal appreciation of the man—or woman—who wrote the book. He sees the nonmechanical use of "tricks of the trade"; the smoothly running plot development; he experiences the pleasure that must come to an expert mechanic when he studies a perfectly functioning engine in operation. The mechanic is a tyro compared with the master who fashioned the engine, yet he has enough professional knowledge to appreciate thoroughly the craftsmanship, brains and cunning hands that must be behind the finished product. The public enjoys the results of a new invention, but it loses the "kick" that comes to the mechanic who understands *why it works*.

In authorship the simile holds good. The public enthuses over a "best seller"—and doesn't know why, except that it holds interest, furnishes an evening's entertainment or a topic for conversation. But the writer who "takes it apart to see what makes it tick" knows why; he understands that human drama has been presented intimately and plausibly; that the characters are real and vivid; that crises are convincingly and dramatically drawn; that "surprises" are woven into the fabric of plot with such consummate skill that nobody suspects their presence until the proper time for them to function.

RAFHAEL SABATINI'S "Scaramouche" will serve as illustration. It has been viewed and reviewed extensively. It has been in the hands of the public for a long time and has been endorsed and acclaimed a pow-

erful story with historical as well as entertainment value. Thus a presentation of the book from the craftsman's viewpoint can carry no stigma of "press agenting."

Let's "take it apart to see what makes it tick." There is no danger that some parts will be left over—or out—in the reconstruction, because the story has been so marvelously built that it will automatically reassemble itself (despite the "mechanic's" bungling!)

In the first chapter—of only ten pages—the reader is introduced to, and enchanted by, most of the principal characters. There is a mystery, a crime, a crisis—with another crisis portended. Also, the period—just prior to the French Revolution—is established. A problem with "universal appeal," involving conflict and danger, is presented for solution. What more could one ask? And the dialogue is superb, assisting notably in the characterizations and unobtrusively acquainting the reader with "the lay of the land."

In the second chapter, the mystery surrounding the birth of the hero—Andre-Louis Moreau—*apparently* is cleared up. Andre's godfather, Quintin de Kercadiou, Lord of Gavrilac, is accepted by the community as our hero's natural parent. This development satisfies the reader and does not keep him in irritated suspense; yet there is no let-down in interest, for another situation is introduced to supplant it—one that presents fascinating possibilities.

Aline de Kercadiou, niece of Quintin, makes her appearance. You know, as you read, that Aline is to be the heroine; yet, at the moment, the Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr, a powerful nobleman forty-five years of age but having the aspect and physical endowment of a thirty-year-old, is paying his addresses to the girl to obtain the consent of de Kercadiou to his suit; and Aline *apparently* ambitious (or is she teasing Andre-Louis?) seems to favor the courtship.

Then Phillipe de Vilmorin, a seminarist, Andre-Louis' dearest friend, is killed in a farce-duel with La Tour—arrogantly and because de Vilmorin possesses "a dangerous gift of eloquence." It is murder, for La Tour is one of France's foremost swordsmen and he forced the duel on de Vilmorin, who knew nothing of dueling. Andre-Louis, an embryo lawyer, the only witness to the affair except de Chabrilane, La Tour's second,

is no fighter yet he hurls defiance and insults at the murderer and would have been run through by the infuriated La Tour were it not that the nobleman depends on the good will of de Kercadiou, who holds his godson, Andre-Louis, in deep affection.

Thus our hero escapes extinction—at a period in the world's history when nobles of La Tour's type were permitted almost any liberties—only because of his relationship to de Kercadiou and de Kercadiou's influence over Aline. Evidence of La Tour's power is made plain as Louis appeals to his godfather for justice; to de Lesdiguières, the king's lieutenant in Paris—without avail. In fact, scorn is heaped upon him. There is no justice to be had. Nevertheless, Andre-Louis has sworn an oath to avenge his friend's death and he sets about it by inflaming the populace, already seething, to revolt against the system of privilege that obtains in France.

At this point in the story are complications which keep the reader tense and expectant. The issue is clearly defined and at no time does the plot become turgid or confusing. One gets the *feel* of the conflict and is entirely in harmony with Andre-Louis—hating his enemies. (The hero Sabatini depicts is distinctly a "sympathetic character" who enlists your admiration, respect, chuckles and fraternal understanding.)

The insurrection is quelled and Andre-Louis, as instigator, becomes outlawed, with a price on his head. Fleeing, he falls in with a troupe of itinerant actors and takes the part for which he is inherently adapted: "Scaramouche," a "subtle, dangerous fellow who goes tortuously to his ends."

While with this troupe, Andre-Louis becomes engaged to Climene Binet, daughter of the owner. The reader, at this point, sees Andre-Louis being compensated for his outlaw status and the lost love of Aline, by the adoration and companionship of the petite, audacious, affectionate Climene. Yet it is not to be. La Tour, crossing Andre's path again, debauches Climene, not knowing or caring who her fiance may be—for Andre-Louis' identity is comfortably sunk in that of "Scaramouche," even to his close associates.

This is coincidence, but handled with so masterly a touch that no illusion of reality is destroyed. Indeed, Sabatini encompasses the situation with such cunning motivation

that this crisis has the earmarks of inevitability: La Tour is a famous libertine, and, since actresses in those days were conceded to be women of easy morals, it is natural that the nobleman should know Climene—for there were only a few of her profession in all France. Moreover, the girl is tremendously attractive—and a “gold digger.”

Again Andre-Louis sets the torch to the gunpowder of public hatred and denounces La Tour in the theater. There is a riot during which Andre-Louis, escaping, shoots Binet, Climene's father.

The troupe is broken up after this event and Andre-Louis seeks other employment, engaging himself as assistant to a fencing instructor. He takes this position in desperation—being nowise qualified for it; but he is out of funds and overwrought—a condition so well known to most readers that Andre-Louis becomes almost as a brother to his audience!

Meantime the revolution takes on a new life. Andre-Louis becomes prominent among the malcontents and is elected a deputy to the French Assembly after the death of Lagron, who was assassinated in a forced duel with La Tour. Again the trails of Andre-Louis and La Tour cross! The nobleman on the Privileged side of the political fence and Andre-Louis, a member of the Third Estate, seeking, but not getting, justice on the other side. Again they are arrayed in conflict by a natural process of political destiny.

This leads to one of the most famous dramatic situations in all literature: The Aristocrats, expert swordsmen, had schemed to rid the Assembly of all Third Estaters whose “gift of eloquence became dangerous” by forcing them into duels. It would seem that the unskilled Third Estaters would have learned to avoid these encounters, but so *convincing* is the dialogue and action as written by Sabatini that one marvels how the deputies managed to hold their tempers in leash as well as they did. Motivation is perfect.

Thus Andre-Louis, in the midst of such turmoil, enters politics. He is characterized throughout the book as having a “dangerous gift of oratory” similar to that of his priestly friend de Vilmorin, who died under such pathetic circumstances and whose death Andre-Louis had set about to avenge. He has become a superswordsmen—by his work in the fencing academy—and *baits* the Aris-

tocrats (who do not know of his efficiency) by inviting their taunts—which invariably leads to duels. The first of these encounters is with M. de Chabrilane who, it will be remembered, was La Tour's second in the infamous murder of de Vilmorin.

The men meet by appointment, and soon after that Andre-Louis walks into the assembly to announce, casually but theatrically:

“I have been detained by an engagement of pressing nature. I bring also the excuses of M. de Chabrilane. He, unfortunately, will be permanently absent from this Assembly.”

HERE Sabatini creates suspense in which the reader gluts his vengeance, vicariously; yet Andre-Louis handles himself with poise, restraint, grim humor and distinction. It is a situation with which an inferior writer might dally till it palled, thereby losing much of its superb quality. But not Sabatini! He works it out *satisfyingly*, swiftly, without dulling the fine edge of the reader's anticipation, and without bringing the story to its big climax (though one senses that a final “show-down” is close at hand).

Each day, then, for a week, Andre-Louis makes some such announcement as the foregoing after a duel with an Aristocrat, knowing that the more casual and flippant his tone, the more terrible the effect on his hearers. His objective, of course, is a duel with La Tour—and it comes eventually after the flower of France's swordsmen have fallen before Andre-Louis' rapier.

Pressure is brought to bear—by de Kercadiou, by Aline—to prevent the encounter. Aline, who had looked upon our hero once more with favor (though not admiring his politics), declares she never wishes to see him again if he engages with La Tour. Her motive is fear for Andre-Louis' safety, for as a duelist, La Tour is supposed to be without a peer in all the realm; but how is the tortured young Third Estater to know? Nor would it have made any difference if he did; for he is hard, implacable, unswerving—but a great lover for all that. And de Kercadiou casts out his godson from his affections. A Madame de Plougastel, who is depicted as “a childless woman with the maternal instinct strong within her,” and who had been Andre-Louis' friend since his boyhood, makes frantic but belated efforts to avert the duel. Madame, accompanied by

Aline, approaches the dueling grounds as a coach returns toward town. In the coach is La Tour! The natural assumption, therefore, is that Andre-Louis has been killed. Aline faints with the horror of it.

La Tour, with bandaged, blood-sodden arm, descends from his vehicle to offer assistance, and advises Madame that Andre-Louis, his evil genius, has been the victor. While La Tour is bending over the unconscious Aline, Andre-Louis drives by, also on his way to the city, and he concludes that the girl has swooned in her solicitude for La Tour. He knows there is no further hope for him. He knew it before the fight. This scene proves it.

THE reader scarcely knows what to expect by way of final development. It is conceivable that a great "renunciation scene" will be enacted later, or that Andre-Louis will follow his destiny—to death in the Revolution. He is desperate; he has nothing to live for; he has failed even to kill La Tour with the thrust that was intended to make an end of the nobleman; and his honor will not allow him to dispatch a crippled adversary, though he knows that La Tour would not have had any such compunction.—Here is emotional suspense! True love thwarted! The conflict and misunderstandings of the central characters have been so great that the romance becomes a sort of "Romeo and Juliet" affair—hopeless, tragic, poignant. Still it is not harrowing; there is no "dead center" of inactivity. Something is continually happening—something for the imagination and emotions to play upon.

Perhaps you have guessed, after reading the concern of Madame Plougastel for Andre-Louis, that she is his mother. And you are right; but you are astute indeed if you penetrate this secret as Sabatini relates the story, for the Madame is shown to be Aline's hostess in Paris; she is the "old family friend" in the days of provincial Gavrillac—a confidante and cousin of de Kercadiou—whose maternal impulses are quickened in the presence of the precocious Andre-Louis. Here is drama enough in it-

self—the mother unable to claim her son because he was born out of wedlock, envying de Kercadiou his close contact with the boy during the years of adolescence. But greater drama is to come. One feels it as he reads "Scaramouche." There is always the forecast of something more thrilling, more astounding in the future.

But how shall Sabatini get his characters together for a smashing climax—for the final issue of the conflict between the leonine, overbearing, athletic La Tour and Andre-Louis, equally vindictive, courageous but with a strain of fineness which is absent in his more mature enemy? Various devices suggest themselves. But Sabatini chooses none of them—you can bank on it that he will outguess you!—despite the fact that he told you everything that might reasonably come within the knowledge of the central characters—withholding no information to which the reader is legitimately entitled. He goes further than this: he shows, from two or three different viewpoints, the various phases of any given situation. You are in possession of *nearly* all the facts (so many that you don't miss any that eventually prove to be lacking); and at the denouement there is no sense of having been "cheated" by any mechanical "trick" of the writer's trade. *Along with Aline, Andre-Louis and La Tour*, you are astounded by a revelation for which ample preparation has been made by the author in preceding chapters—suggestions, clues, forecasts; but these forecasts have been used as motivations of other scenes and situations, serving their purpose and leaving no "loose ends." Hence they have not been used to mislead or "fool the reader." Yet, cunningly "planted," they are the structure on which the biggest, most surprising scene of all is built.

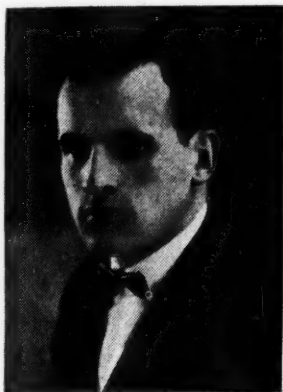
Just prior to the denouement, the hero is at an impasse; there is no solution to the desperate predicament—unless disgrace or death accompanies such solution. You search the premise with diligence for clues. They are there, and yet you fail to adapt the most important of them all, the one Sabatini uses.

(To Be Concluded Next Month)

The Writer and the Radio

This Is an Embryo Field, But It Already Opens Up Literary Possibilities; Requirements and Limitations of Radio-Play Structure

By Oliver Jenkins



OLIVER JENKINS

WITH all of the modern inventions which this age offers, it seems as if the literary art should have prospered tremendously. Take the moving pictures, for instance. Here is a new art closely allied to the writing profession, yet, with the exception of comparatively few, writers

of small reputation have not profited. The established writer, with his thousands of readers, finds it a simple matter to sell his story to the picture people, while the striving member of the craft, with perhaps a better story so far as the cinema is concerned, must stand out in the cold and take a chance on having his ideas either cribbed or returned. Sooner or later, this deplorable situation may be remedied. For the present, however, the wise "unknown" writer leaves the movies to themselves.

Within the last four years a new art has found favor with the American public, and gives every promise of outstripping the movies. This is the radio. Millions of people in America now own radio sets and have suddenly discovered a new world of information and enjoyment. The radio is one thing of which it can be truthfully said that "it is in its infancy." No one knows how far it will go or what turns it will take in the going. Being primarily a writer, but at the same time affiliated with one of the principal broadcasting stations of the country, I am naturally interested in the question: "What has radio to offer the writer?"

If you are a radio fan you know without being told that several of the large broad-

casting stations in the United States have frequently produced plays of different types over the radio. Invariably, these plays have met with enthusiasm from the listeners-in. Stations in Schenectady, Kansas City, Chicago, Philadelphia, Oakland, Cal., and elsewhere have produced plays with notable success, and of these probably WGY, Schenectady, and KGO, Oakland, have been most consistent in presenting this feature.

It must be understood that the radio is exactly the opposite of the movie or the legitimate theater. In both of these, the audience relies upon its sight, and in the legitimate theater upon its hearing as well. In the radio, there is only the hearing. Therefore anything which goes over the radio has to reach the audience through that sense and that sense alone. Consequently the majority of the dramas written for the stage or the movies are totally unfit for the radio. The radio drama is something entirely new, and in a way is more difficult to achieve than any of the other types of drama.

WHAT constitutes a radio drama? The radio drama, whether it be in one act or four, must be full of action in *conversation*. Physical action is useless. If the play calls for a character to stride across the stage angrily, nobody knows it, for the hearing is the only guide. Talk, therefore, must put the play across. There are no stage directions in a radio drama. Nobody knows or cares where the exits are, where the table is placed, or whether that table has a checkered tablecloth with a lamp on it or a gorgeous tapestry covering crowned with two tall Venetian candles. Instead of the stage directions, the author fills his manuscript with instructions concerning *expression*. The tone of the voice is everything in radio. If a character is supposed to be old and crabbed, he may be a young Apollo in actuality, clad in a full-dress suit, but if his voice

assumes the right quality for the part he is playing, the radio audience visualizes an old and crabbed character, which is just what the author intends. The casting director of a radio studio has to exercise extreme care in choosing characters for a play, and always makes his decision according to the tonal quality of the voices of the applicants. Some people have radio voices and some have not. The voice is especially important in a radio drama. Suppose, for example, that there are three women characters in the play. One of the women is elderly, the other two are young. There is no description of the various characters given to the audience. The hearing alone must be the spark to the imagination. In this particular case, the elderly lady is easy. It will be a simple matter for the audience to know instantly when that character is speaking, because of her more mature voice. To identify the two young women characters throughout the play, especially when they are both before the microphone at the same time, would be difficult if care is not taken to have one of the characters possess a soprano voice and the other perhaps a contralto. With due care taken, the audience is never in doubt as to which character is doing the speaking. The author should tell at the beginning of his manuscript which character possesses the higher voice, etc. This matter is highly important, and the play is either successful or a failure according to the care of the author and the radio producer. Even such an experienced station as WGY sometimes makes blunders in this respect. And it must be remembered that the radio audience does not pay its way into some auditorium for the purpose of spending an evening with your play; if the play does not hold the interest, it is a simple matter to twist the dials and hear something more entertaining, and nothing is forfeited in the process.

One thing should be especially borne in mind in the writing of a radio drama. Try to keep the number of characters as low as possible. It avoids confusion among the listeners-in.

Of course, to go back to stage directions, some directions are absolutely necessary, such as entrances and exits of characters or the ringing of the telephone or the chiming of a clock, and so on. These effects are easily obtained over the radio. An entrance

or exit, for instance, is shown by a bang like that of a door shutting. In writing such a play then, the author will do well to refer to such an entrance or exit as, say, "sound of a door shutting as Alice enters."

SO much for the writing of a radio drama. The more intricate details will be easily acquired after a little experience. Now as to the marketing of such dramas.

The writer will find upon inquiry that stations nearby are ransacking the drama storehouse, attempting to find plays suitable for radio broadcasting, and they will welcome with open arms such plays, especially when written expressly for the radio. Studio directors will be glad to help the author who can give evidence of his ability, and many of the stations will actually pay well for such effort. Of course, it may be necessary in some instances to have one or two plays broadcast without remuneration at first, especially if the station is rather skeptical about the proposition; but the radio stations are generous with publicity, and you get an audience which equals the vast number of readers of our largest magazines. Now is the time to try this new venture. The radio is groping around in the dark at present, but it will not always be so. Things will sometime be standardized and big business interests will be in the middle of the pie, then another great chance for the young, striving writer will be lost.

AS a parting suggestion, consider that there are today in the United States over 500 radio stations, and a radio station is a costly proposition. Every one of these is trying to get a hold on the public, and a great many are bound to fail before another four years is over and go out of existence. If your play or one-act feature (humorous skits and melodramatic skits are equally popular) increases a station's number of listeners, you are going to be well rewarded. For the radio, like the magazine, must have a circulation in order to get advertising features paid for by business houses. If you are still in doubt concerning this new venture, watch the papers for announcements of the writer's own plays broadcast from Station WEEL—and listen-in. Your comments in care of the station will be appreciated and answered.

The Story "Arch" and Its Unity

By Thomas Hall Shastid, M.D., LL.B., Sc.D., Etc.

PART II—THE UNITY

(Part I, "The Story Arch," appeared in the March issue.)

WE all recognize unity, I think, when we see it, or rather, feel it—that is to say, after someone else has produced it for us. But how to attain it, how to produce it for ourselves—that is certainly a puzzle. At first it would seem that, with one and one only story clearly blocked out, the quality of unity should follow as a matter of course. But that is not so. The story "arch" gives only the "high spots," and even these without detail. Plainly, there must be many low places for relief. And both in the low places and in the high places there must be much more than merely outline—there must be vivifying details. How, then, is an author to know, when any given detail suggests itself, whether or not that detail is relevant, whether it would or would not violate the all-important principle of unity? What really is the test? We might readily enough suppose that the heart and core of any story always consists of some one single emotion, and that the recognition of this emotion would help us to secure a touchstone for unity. But, if we analyse further, we discover that the heart and core of any story is not really some one emotion alone. That is to say, if all the details of a story have to be relevant, directly or indirectly, to some one emotion, then most of the tales of the world possess no unity. Take the old example, "Romeo and Juliet." Is not the hate of the two families just as important a feature of the story, just as much a portion of its germ, as is the love of Romeo and Juliet? Assuredly it is. The heart of the story, then, is not one single emotion, but one single *contrast* between *two* emotions. In "Romeo and Juliet" the heart of the tale is in fact the *contrast* between the hatred of the houses and the loves of the lovers. On a background of hate is painted the foreground of love. The contrast is the germ of the book.

Now, further. In order to paint on a background of hate a foreground of love, we must have, first of all, some nutshell story,

a master plot which will, in itself, arouse this emotional, unity-giving contrast. Very well then, here is the nutshell story of "Romeo and Juliet." Of two Veronese families, at deadly hatred with each other, there are two members, a young man and a young woman, who fall deeply in love each with each, the consequence being that the lovers go down to a tragic death—whereby, however, the two families become reconciled and reunited. That is a good, well-rounded story, all in a single sentence. It contains the five big parts of any tale, and it is very interesting. Expand it into many pages by supplying it with abundant illustrative and vivifying detail, and you have the Shakespearean drama and masterpiece, "Romeo and Juliet." That is not saying that you would do the work as well as Shakespeare did it. Neither does it matter whether Shakespeare knew that he did his work in that way. The point is that such and such a thing is his product, as you find plainly when you analyze it. There it lies, like a shell or a leaf. Take any play you like, and it is, at heart, the same thing—an emotion-contrast. In *Othello*, love and jealousy. In *Hamlet*, the feeling of duty and the feeling of scruple. The real contestants in any play or story are two emotions (not persons), and the emotions may exist and have their battle-ground in one and the same human breast, as in *Hamlet*.

NOW, we see, I think, just about how any tale must, or very well may, arise in the mind of its inventor. A contrast is first felt between two naturally contrasting emotions. A single-sentence story, or master plot, is next invented, which fundamentally illustrates and is filled with this great emotion-contrast. Then the master plot is divided into five parts—each to become, when developed, one "act" of the play, or "book" (whether expressly so called or not) of the novel. This is, as I believe, the essence of story embryology.

But the reader, I ought to remark, just

reverses the process. That should be clearly understood. The reader begins at the beginning, as the book lies before him all tricked out in every detail. As he reads, or takes in, one detail after another, he gradually arrives, via the detail, at the great underlying master plot, and, in turn, via the master plot at the emotional contrast with which the author, consciously or unconsciously, started. The process is, of course, with the reader, unconscious.

There is the circle complete. In the beginning an author feels a great emotion-contrast, which he wishes that others may share with him. He perceives, consciously

or unconsciously, that, to enable any reader to share his emotional state, he must surely construct some tale which shall serve as a passage to his own heart. First, then, the master plot, and next, the completely expanded story. Now the reader, taking up the book, reverses the process, arriving, in the outcome, at the point where the author started—a great emotional contrast. All art, I believe, is the result of an intense desire for emotional companionship, and inasmuch as an emotion can only exist as a part of some emotion-contrast, an emotion-pair, so the author's story germ is always, consciously or unconsciously to him, an emotional state with two sides.

Rubaiyat of Over the Yarnspinner

Dear Editor: Enclosed you will discover an age-yellowed manuscript which I found sealed up in an old bourbon bottle on the Mojave Desert when I was diligently pursuing a vicious Horned Toad. Knowing that you would be interested, I carefully preserved the relic (keeping the bottle myself) and—there you are!

—F. A. E.

ONCE on a time I wrote a Classic Verse
 And sat me back to wait the Golden Purse,
 But soon I found I'd waited all in Vain:
 My Verse returned to me wrapt in its Hearse.
 Before the Phantom of false Hoping died,
 Methought a Voice within the Sanctum cried:
 "Thy Verse is goodly; here, then, is a Check——"
 It was but dreaming, I still nod outside.
 But list! The dreams of Youthful Authors make
 A Mighty Presence which at last will shake
 The Crumbs of Wisdom from the lap of Age,
 And of the Crumbs a Richer Loaf will bake!
 Some write for Wealth and others write for Fame,
 And others still to criticize and blame,
 Or to Uplift the World (or so they say);
 And yet to all the Check appeals the same!
 But for *my* palate, give me but a taste
 Of That for which we all long years must Waste—
 Just let me see my stuff in Public Print:
 My Hunger 'twill increase, but oh, make haste!

F. A. ELLS OVER.

*Out of the richness of human experience, and the understanding of the heart,
 has come all that men have preserved and called literature.*

Your thought stream can never rise above its source.

*There are flower gardens of the mind, producing "pansies, . . . for
 thoughts."*

—GEORGE W. LYON.

The Barrel

Out of Which Anything May Tumble

Our Globe-Trotting Contributor Writes on "That Plagiarism"

Lieutenant Warren Hastings Miller appeals to us as leading the most interesting life imaginable for a writer. Rarely do we hear from him when he is not either returning from or departing on some romantic-sounding jaunt into a remote part of the world. Although he is represented by one article in this issue, his communication which follows deserves a place while it is fresh from the typewriter.

TWO things I find of special interest in our good little magazine on my return from a caravan trip in the Sahara. The first is an attack on me by a lady, written with the usual savagery of her sex when they wield the pen; the second is Bittner's article on plagiarism. Of the lady I am "ver-rie, ver-rie much-fright," as Mahomet, my camel-driver, would have put it two months ago. I detest personal controversy, and so must confine myself to a few hints to put her at ease. "Sex complication" in most editorial offices is a polite term for smut, the kind of thing one sees in *Juicy Stories*, *Smart Saps*, and their ilk. She has evidently got it mixed with that other bit of editorial jargon, "love interest," meaning the normal, healthy love of woman for man, whereby she captures him (very much against his will) and there ensues the eternal drama of sex. For the rest, she seems bent on painting me the coarsest kind of raw-beef writer, who snarls at those who pen real literature because he cannot. Ah, well; no doubt my stories are unwashed and reek with gore—as witness "On Si-Payon's Proa" in the April *Blue*, in which the insides of the hero, not to mention the undies of the heroine, are scattered all about the deck. Let's hope the lady reads it, to acquire some more material in support of her assumption! But let me make here one devastating observation: In my humble opinion, the Holy Four are not printing any real literature today; only futilities. It is among the popular magazines of America that one must look for stories of significance, of interpretation of the life and work of our people, of reporting their hopes and fears and struggles. There lies our real literature. It may not be so well written, but from north and south and east and west, from all over the world, they come, those stories, intensely human, vital with the life and thought of our people, real transcriptions of our day's work. I probably stand alone in this view. Well, someone has to be a prophet! Three hundred years ago Shakespeare was writing those common, ordinary dramas of his, right at the public of his time, for them alone; while the nobility was being entertained by more elegant writers whose names are forgotten. Three hundred years from now the literary historian of the future will be delving among our "pops" for all that is vital and significant in American life of today. And there will be learned controversies as to who wrote what. . . .

Bittner's article is of much more concern to all writers. Judging from its solemn and woeful tone, the good editor has been much bedeviled by plagiarists. We gather that the Authors' League has a body of plagiarist-hounds engaged in blacklisting all who come within their own definition of plagiarism. Which is serious; for the penalties seem to comprise exculsion from all respectable magazines for ever and aye. A deal of power to vest in one unknown group of persons, it seems to me. We would like to know precisely what their views are, lest we all fall into their toils.

I do not belong to the excellent Author's League, being a solitary soul and my experience with clubs and associations being that they are generally run by cliques who quarrel and indulge in the American mania for politics. But, if they have any such blacklist, surely it should be public, for it is also open to the charge of blackmail. What, indeed, is this man's (for a committee is invariably one man) definition of plagiarism? We would all like to know. I recall a splendid story in *Asia*, of a Power behind the Throne who fell in love with the queen. He proceeded to overthrow the dynasty and then the queen was brought to him in a red palanquin in triumph. He parted the curtains, to find her dead. It reminded me of an old scoundrel in Trengganu who did very much the same thing, only the queen, with the help of the British Resident, beat him at every point and finally slew him with her own hand. The result was the story, "The Insurrection of Shaitan Sadud," published in *Blue*. According to Bittner's definition, that is plagiarism. The same situation, only worked out a little differently. Well, then, where did the *Asia* man get his plot? Why, from the Rig-Vedas, of course. They abound in yarns based on the power behind the throne grabbing a wife, an heir, a treasure. They are fifteen thousand years old, and then the story is something that one real man did, and has done since the dawn of time. Or maybe he came across it in the Chinese classics, with which I am not familiar. In any case we are both using common human material. Where is the plagiarism in that?

Again my enthusiastic friends occasionally accuse me of "copying" Kipling. On mild protest I am brought to book. There is the identical phrase, and I recognize it as a common bazaar expression, as familiar to a man of the East as "Attaboy!" at home. The trouble is that my friend, taking his information from books instead of life, has seen the phrase for the first time in Kipling and therefore I must have "swiped" it. A case of using common human material again. In the same way most Mussulmans' expressions may be traced to the Koran. They were on the lips of my cameleers in the Sahara almost hourly. Because this and that writer has used it before somewhere in the world's literature gives him no patent on it.

On the whole I sympathize strongly with Chauncey Thomas's manly standpoint on this matter of plagiarism. Anybody can have anything of mine he wants, and be damned to him! It will not be

me, then, but him. I get my plots direct from life, large chunks of it, unearthed, let us say, while eating and sleeping with Asiatic persons in frizzly beards and only one tooth, who are good to know. If some other fellow has stumbled on the same material, the same tangle of human events which makes for plot, that is his affair, not mine.

But mark you: along comes the plagiarist-hound. The other fellow has written on virtually the same plot as yours, staged perhaps fourteen thousand miles away on the other side of the globe. Human nature being the same the world over, it is inevitable that these coincidences should occur. But down you go on the blacklist as a plagiarist. You have simply transferred his plot to another setting, says the man of books and magazines who sees little of real life. What protection has the poor author against that? His career is blighted forever, apparently, yet both men were simply using the raw material of humanity.

Well, all I can offer is this admonition from Kipling:

*O Ye who tread the Narrow Way
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,
Be gentle when the Heathen pray
To Buddha at Kamakura.*

WARREN HASTINGS MILLER

Harper's Refutes Generalization

INCIDENTALLY, Mr. Miller comes under fire from another direction. *Harper's Magazine* in its March issue comments:

"We have just seen an article in THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST on 'Selling' (fiction, that is) in which Mr. Warren H. Miller writes that, so far as he can judge, *Harper's* has a horror of anything resembling action; the hero sits in an armchair throughout the story and goes through absorbing psychological convulsions.' We challenge Mr. Miller to point out in any number of *Harper's* during the past year any story which approaches his description, even after making generous allowance for his humorous exaggeration; in fact, two of the last three prize stories involved manslaughter, against which almost anything can be said except that it is devoid of action; but let us be still more specific and call Mr. Miller's attention to the conspicuous absence of armchairs in 'The Hands of the Enemy.'"

The story last mentioned appears in the March *Harper's* and is by Charles Caldwell Dobie of San Francisco, the winner of the second prize of \$750 in the third *Harper's* short-story contest. We leave Mr. Miller to defend himself as he may see fit from this spirited counter attack!

Amateur vs. Professional

SPEAKING before the Medill School of Journalism in Chicago recently, Burges Johnson, associate professor of English at Vassar College, made this interesting comparison:

"The difference between an amateur and a professional writer is that the amateur receives one rejection and is through, while the professional does not call his work a failure until it has been returned by every publisher on a list of thirty or more names."

Was Barnum Referring to Writers?

By OLIVER JENKINS

WAS P. T. Barnum referring to writers when he made that since famous statement, "There's one born every minute?" Apparently there are many people who think so. In the past month I have had no less than eight schemes, designed to ensnare the sucker-writer, come to my attention. Four of these schemes have to do with the opportunity to become a millionaire overnight by writing movie scenarios. Most writers know this brand of literary highwayman, so it is unnecessary for me to go into details here. One scheme proposed a fortune in writing feature articles for newspapers after the tyro expended the ridiculously small fee of \$42.50 on a course. This scheme, too, needs no combating, for anyone who knows anything about newspapers knows that every newspaper has its own staff of feature-writers, that the newspapers today are "full up" with all sorts of writers, and that outside contributions are rarely accepted. The other three schemes are new to me and, I believe, need a little exposure.

The first came from such an unexpected source as Harold Vinal. Poets know that Mr. Vinal is editor of *Voices*, a verse magazine of some distinction; and the editor is also a poet in his own right. This makes the blow more stunning. A very close friend of mine submitted poetry to *Voices* which was returned with an accompanying note stating that *Voices* returned the poetry with regret because of overstocked files, but that perhaps the writer would be interested in submitting poetry for a volume to be entitled "Eleven Poets," on the condition that the writer subscribe \$24 for two dozen copies of the book!

The second instance concerns the Stratford Company, publishers of Boston. This company issues a monthly periodical called the *Stratford Magazine*, and prints some very decent stuff. The writer whose manuscripts are rejected, however, usually receives a letter inviting him to submit poetry for possible book publication. A publisher does not offer to take a chance on a book of verse by a writer whose verse is not good enough for that publisher's magazine—without charge, does he? If he does, the world has done a peculiar sort of somersault since yesterday.

The last and most extravagant scheme can be best explained by the imitation typewriter letter received by me and appended herewith:

Cleveland, Ohio, Jan'y 15th, 1925.

Mr. Oliver Jenkins, Danvers, Massachusetts.
Dear Friend:

We are enclosing copy to be used for write-up in "Poets of America." If it meets with your approval, we suggest that you O. K. it and return it at your earliest convenience. In case there are changes you want made, do not hesitate to use blue pencil freely. Remember, it is your write-up, and we want it to be to your liking. Do not forget to send photo, if you have not already done so.

You will note that we expect all people included in the work to subscribe to not less than a dozen copies in advance of publication. This may seem unreasonable to you and to be something of a hold-up. Need we remind you that the publishing of a work like "Poets of America" calls for considerable time and money? You surely do not expect something for nothing. Look around you at this moment. Didn't everything you have cost money and isn't it worth it? The things that didn't cost anything are never worth anything after we get them. "Poets of America," for many years

to come, will be consulted by editors all over this country. You, as a writer of verse, cannot afford not to be listed in it.

Trusting we will hear from you in the near future, we are

Very truly yours,
THE FRANK H. GIBSON PRESS.
Per F. H. G.

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MANY readers of THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST take care not only to patronize advertisers in these columns, but to inform us that they have done so. Such thoughtful acts on the part of our friends have in several instances enabled us to secure renewal of contracts. The information, when tabulated and brought to the advertisers' attention, furnishes proof that results have been obtained.

It is regrettable that the limitations of the field served by THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST make it difficult to secure for it the volume of advertising carried by many other types of magazines of no greater circulation. Its revenue must be chiefly derived from subscription and newsstand sales.

If readers will make a point of patronizing AUTHOR & JOURNALIST advertisers, and informing us of the fact, they will help materially to bring the advertising patronage up to a point that will permit the addition of more pages.

When to Submit Illustrations

"IN the past month I have had at least six young writers ask me how an author arranges to have his story illustrated. They wondered whether the magazine had this done or if the author had to arrange it. I would like to see this subject treated in my next STUDENT WRITER."—W. A.

ANSWER—Practically all magazines and book publishers arrange for the illustration of fiction which they have accepted. The author has nothing to do with this matter. The only classes of material with which contributors are expected to furnish pictures are news and informative articles which require photographic illustrations that the author naturally is in a position to secure to better advantage than the publishers.—THE EDITOR.

The O. Henry prize award of \$500 for 1924 was given to Inez Haynes Irwin for her story, "The Spring Flight," which appeared in the June number of *McCall's* magazine. The story is an imaginary incident in the life of Shakespeare, embodying the atmosphere and historical detail of 16th century London.

R. H. Mottram, a Norwich bank clerk entirely to unknown to literary circles in England, has just been awarded the Hawthornden Prize of one hundred pounds for his first novel, "The Spanish Farm," published last fall by *The Dial Press*. The Hawthornden Prize is awarded each year for the best imaginative work by a writer under forty years of age. It was established in England in 1919 by Miss Alice Warrander.



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The Wit-Sharpener

A Monthly Exercise in Plot-building—Prizes for the Best Developments

UNFORTUNATELY many contestants in the current Wit Sharpener contest didn't hew to the line in submitting problems involving human drama. Numerous offerings which otherwise would have been "runners up" didn't get to first base because they were mystery plots with detectives trying to solve the puzzle of the lost heroine, shots in the darkness and ghastly hands reaching from nowhere to clutch the beleaguered hero. Good stuff, most of it; some manuscripts of unusual merit, but not available for the reason mentioned.

Contestants were asked to submit plots centering around the element of human drama. The problems selected for prize winners will be used as a basis for future contests.

First award is made to Miss Amy Hunt of Spokane, Wash. The situation presented is not as "plotty" as the judges would have liked; but it is a sterling example of "human drama."

First Prize Winner:

Violet Wickham, laundry employee, and widow, supported her small son John. She met and married Walter Moss, thrifty, red-headed, a big good-natured city fireman. The modern home he bought, charge accounts, and new friends, opened another world to her. The boy was well cared for. They were happy.

Unpleasantness crept in with the making of certain cunning garments. Walter did not want John, his stepson, to see or touch things. When the baby was born, John was forbidden to hold him. Moss could not bear the boy about. He began to abuse John, punishing him severely for trivial offenses and on off-shifts ordering him to play out of his sight. Violet wept, but sent John fishing or hiking with a lunch. She pacified Walter and protected John, who idolized her and the baby. He made wonderful playthings which Walter destroyed.

John fell in bad company, neglected school and was involved in law-breaking, until taken in hand by Juvenile authorities. He was paroled to his stepfather, who became really cruel in his efforts to "reform" John.

John has been sent to the Parental School for six months. Walter vows the boy shall not return to his home nor will he provide for him.

Violet is torn between her misguided son and the good husband possessed with demons only where John is concerned. John is twelve, a regular boy. Violet is wife and mother. The problem is: John's future?

Second money goes to J. W. Wright of Chicago. Mr. Wright also has a "John" (an honest, hard-working, substantial name) for a central character. The judges question John's authority to "doctor" the books in such manner as to throw responsibility on either his sweetheart's father or on his beloved brother—and the premise is such that he may decide to do neither. Maybe he won't

fall into the pit which the author has dugged for him!

Second Prize Winner:

John Curtiss, assistant cashier of the City National Bank, discovers a shortage on the bank books of \$90,000.

Keeping it a secret, he determines to investigate it himself. In a few days all evidence seems to point to J. J. Morgan, vice-president of the bank, and father of Gwynfa Morgan, John's fiancée, as the embezzler.

Curtiss, however, continues his investigation and soon finds that his younger brother, Charles, the head bookkeeper, is involved.

John realizes that one man or the other has committed the crime, but the real culprit has covered it so neatly that it is impossible to say which is really guilty.

Is it his brother, whom John loves as only an older brother can love a wild, somewhat ungovernable youth; or is it the father of his sweetheart?

In his study of the books, Curtiss sees that by a few simple changes, he may shift the crime from one to the other. Would it be to the guilty one?

We now come to third prize winner, "a man whom—" as banquet toastmasters are prone to orate—"we all know"—Willis K. Jones. He has appeared a number of times as laurel gatherer in this department. His problem presents good material for plot development, although it is not extremely novel. The judges doubt the feasibility of employing a baseball umpire who is the father of one of the pitchers, but this phase is motivated by the fact that George Johnson has established a reputation among the boys as a "square umpire."

Third Prize Winner:

George Johnson never made his college baseball team. Consequently he spent his life training his son Jack to realize his ambition. Jack made a reputation as pitcher in high school. Bad eyes kept him out a year, but he starred on the town team. His father often umpired the games and won a name as a square umpire. Jack received offers of scholarships, but Dad's Alma Mater should be his in September, though he dreamed of a day when he should play professional ball and marry Estelle.

In May came the intercity championship game. Jack hurt his wrist, so Easterling, whom Estelle loved, pitched. Johnson umpired. In the first of the ninth inning Easterling went to pieces, filling the bases with two out and his team one run ahead. The man at bat was not much good, but the leadoff man who had made most of the day's hits followed. Jack, thinking he could retire the one man, went in.

Johnson knew that a minor league scout was in the crowd and feared that if his son made good in a pinch, he would get a bid, and so would not go on to college. There were three balls and two

strikes on the batter when Jack set himself to retire him and pitched one over a little wide, but near enough to be called a strike if the umpire wanted to. Calling it a strike would give his son a chance at his ambition and the possibility of carrying Estelle, but the college would lose him. Calling it a ball would bring in a run and the next batter might win the game. If it went to extra innings, Jack's arm would go back and it meant a defeat, anyway. His son would likely lose confidence in himself and the years of training would be wasted. How does the umpire decide?

WIT-SHARPENER FOR APRIL

FOR the April Wit-Sharpener contestants will be required to develop the problem offered in the first prize winner in the current contest, the stepfather, mother and son triangle devised by Miss Amy Hunt.

PROBLEM: Develop this situation to an effective conclusion. For the best development a prize of \$5 will be given; for the second best, a prize of \$3, and for the third best, a prize of \$2.

CONDITIONS: The plot outline as completed must contain not more than 300 words, exclusive of the original problem. It must be typed or legibly written. Manuscripts returned only if stamped envelopes are inclosed. Only one solution may be submitted by the same person.

Manuscripts must be received not later than May 1st. Winning outlines will be published in the June issue. Address the Contest Editor.

Prize Contests

(Continued from Page 3)

complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both of every kind and nature whatsoever, including the copyright therein and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of *Liberty* for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary. The story will be produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. *Liberty* will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story in book form. All royalties or other income received by *Liberty* from such speaking stage rights or book publication will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. Contestants may submit as many synopses or stories as they wish. All stories must be clean. No entries will be received later than midnight, June 1, 1925.

The 1925 prize offers for achievement in advertising under the Edward W. Bok Foundation, will be announced shortly. It is understood that no radical change will be made in the general type and scope of the awards from those of 1924, in which the prize winners were recently announced.

Cloverleaf Weekly, 54 E. Fourth Street, St. Paul, Minn., announces a "poultry letter contest," ending March 19th, telling of money made on poultry. Stories must not be over 400 words and must tell of actual experiences. Prizes range from incubators to drinking fountains.

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My students have sold stories to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and several of the lesser magazines.

If you wish to apply for study with me, I suggest that you send me a manuscript together with a letter about yourself and a check for \$10. With my criticism of the manuscript I will advise you what course of study, if any, I think you should pursue. If later you enroll, the fee paid will be applied to the cost of the course. Price of my book, "Narrative Technique," \$2.50. Questions answered.

THOMAS H. UZZELL

Former Fiction Editor of *Collier's Weekly*
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Capper's Weekly, Topeka, Kansas, pays \$1 each for best five-line jingles or limericks; address "The Jongleur." It also pays \$1 each for "The Best Joke I Ever Heard"; address the Joke Editor. It pays \$1 each for "Boneheads" (very short items); address Bonehead Editor. It pays \$1 each for very short anecdotes or stories; address Anecdote Editor. It pays \$1 each for "My Embarrassing Moment"; Embarrassment Editor.

The Boston Post, Boston, offers prizes of \$10, \$5, \$3 and \$2 for the best short-stories submitted by women each week. These must not be more than 1000 words in length. The writer must state whether she is Mrs. or Miss, and give her own first name instead of her husband's, if married. It pays \$1 each for very short anecdotes or stories; address Short-Story Editor.

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Printing Department

THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST

1835 Champa Street,

Denver, Colorado.

Literary Market Tips

(Continued from Page 2)

The American Builder, Radford Building, 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., is in the market for manuscripts and photographs. P. N. Hanna of the editorial staff writes: "The type of material which we use covers every phase of the building field. Home building, of course, is a department of broadest interest, but we do not limit ourselves to this. In selecting material it would be well to consider it from the viewpoint of whether it would be of assistance to builders, contractors and architects in any way or of interest to prospective home owners. It may be the description of homes or buildings which have been recently constructed, or may be description of any of the technical phases of building construction. All of our articles must be well illustrated. Our rate of payment is 10 per page, including illustration. Payment is made on publication."

The Devin-Adair Co., book publishers, 437 Fifth Avenue, New York, report: "We are overcrowded with accepted manuscripts and hence it is impossible for us to accept anything further for publication."

True Story Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, listed as paying 2 cents a word, sometimes pays only 1 cent a word for material, according to a contributor.

MacLean's Magazine, 143 University Avenue, Toronto, Canada, uses original fact feature articles on specifically Canadian topics only. The magazine prints no poetry. About three hundred scripts are used each year.

Automotive Electrical Engineer, 608 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, through its editor, James V. Wilson, advises: "We reach only the automotive electric dealer, and at present we are interested only in merchandising articles having to do with the automotive electrical shop. These articles must be accompanied by photographs."

Judicious Advertising, 40 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, in reply to a contributor's inquiry, says: "We are always interested in practical, authoritative articles of profitable worth to national advertisers and advertising managers."

Correspondence addressed to *National Life*, 112 Union Trust Bldg., Toronto, Canada, and *Popular Finance*, 15 Moore Street, New York, is returned unclaimed.

Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, is writing contributors that its supply of poetry is sufficient for the present.

Everybody's Magazine, the Ridgway Co., Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York, writes: "Everybody's publishes novels ranging in length from 50,000 to 90,000 words; novelettes up to 30,000 words; short-stories up to 10,000; short poems occasionally. It publishes neither articles nor plays. It wants all types of stories, provided they are clean and simply and clearly told. If we have a favorite type of cious sex appeal. We welcome new writers."

National Humane Review, 80 Howard Street, Albany, New York, uses some stories about birds and animals.

Girlhood Days, the Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "We use very little poetry but occasionally buy a poem that is written in the realm of girlhood. So many of our poets write as adults to girls. We do not like that kind of poem. Our rate of payment varies according to the value of the poem to us, sometimes it is as low as one dollar, and again as high as four."

Boy's Comrade, 2712 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., O. T. Anderson, editor, writes: "We buy very little poetry for use in either *Boy's Comrade* or *The Front Rank*, securing most of the poetry we use from our exchanges. However, we are always glad to consider poems. Our regular rate of payment amounts to \$1 or \$2 a poem."

Workers' Education, 476 W. Twenty-fourth Street, New York, writes: "Up to the present time we have not bought manuscripts, and no poetry has been included in the issues. Most of the material published in the journal consists of reports from people interested in this work."

The Continent, 509 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Paul Patton Faris, literary editor, writes: "We use some verse, but our space for it is quite limited. Our rate of payment varies. Perhaps ½ cent a word is the average."

Child Welfare Magazine, 7700 Lincoln Drive, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Eleanor Feirss, assistant manager, writes: "We occasionally use poetry, but just as present we have all the material on hand that we can make use of. Our rate of payment is ½ cent a word, necessarily low as the character of the magazine is purely educational."

Don Marquis, editor of the "Lantern" column of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, writes that he does not pay for contributions published in that column.

Editor & Publisher, 1117 World Building, New York, makes this announcement: "*Editor & Publisher* provides a regular market for high-class manuscripts bearing on the technique of newspaper making, advertising and selling. We particularly solicit authoritative articles on actual experience in meeting administrative problems. Students of business office practice and the great field of circulation will find a ready market for able writing. Copy promptly considered." Merlin E. Pew is editor.

Farm Life, Spencer, Ind., is informing contributors that it wants interesting and helpful stories of farm life. "They should be concise and practical, giving facts and figures," state the editors. "We ourselves can re-write agricultural bulletins and editorialize on generalities. You can tell us things we do not know—your own experience and that of your neighbors. Payment will be made on acceptance at our rates, or if you demand a special price, stipulate the fact. Photographs should be suitable for reproduction and should be accompanied by full explanations. Exclusive stories and photographs only are wanted."

Correspondence addressed to the *General News Syndicate*, P. O. Box 694, San Francisco, Calif., is returned unclaimed.

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THE S. T. C. NEWS

A Page of Comment and Gossip About
the Simplified Training Course and
Fiction Writing Topics in General

VOL. 2, No. 4

APRIL, 1925

EDITED BY DAVID RAFFELLOCK

PLOT SCHEMES

Authors Have Various Ingenious
Methods for Devising
Their Stories

Many schemes have been devised for stimulating the jaded imagination or for manufacturing ready-made plots. Some are more potent than others, but each seems to have real value, at least to the writer who has devised it. Some time ago was printed in *The Author & Journalist* Warren H. Miller's "Theme Chart," which found many enthusiastic followers. And then there is the fantastic announcement from Germany that a machine could be devised to set words mechanically, and if enough books were printed in this way one of them would, through the mere matter of chance, turn out a masterpiece. Since writing is the stringing together of words, accident would produce one consistent arrangement that would be hailed as a masterpiece.

In between these opposing schemes are many less complex ones. A student of the S. T. C. said that he was frequently able to work out good plots by "laying" cards and telling fortunes. Often these prognostications provided ready-made plots. There is a high-school game that has also furnished plots to some writers. A number of questions are asked. "Where did they meet?" "What did they do?" "What did she say?" "What did he reply?" "What did they do then?" A boy's name and a girl's name are written on each piece of paper; a different person answers each question without knowing the answers to the preceding questions. The result is often quite amusing and sometimes presents a good basis for a plot.

Of course, the writer who is an artist will scorn these mechanical methods. He writes because he has something to say, because he has caught the subtle, underlying rhythm of some phase of life or because his attitude toward life or his experience calls for expression.

"Iliana," by Konrad Bercovici,
Bonl & Liveright, New York
(\$2.00).

Edward J. O'Brien is a pretty good judge of the short-story, so if he "three-stars" all eleven stories written by an author in one year, it is a pretty safe bet that the stories are at least worth reading. The author of these stories is Konrad Bercovici, and his publishers have collected the stories so highly rated into a volume called "Iliana." Yes, the stories are worth reading. Vivid in color, swift in action, replete with emotional appeal, they also have substance, which raises them above the mere plot story.

A Few Words of Gossip With the Editor

Spring is the creative period of nature; not entirely of inanimate nature alone, either, for many animals mate at this time. Man, himself, feels the urge of the sap moving upward in the tree.

Nature, always full of paradoxes, lives up to her reputation in case of writers at this season of the year. However, not only does she awaken their creative urge, but she gives them "spring fever," makes them lazy and listless. This feeling needs to be combated all year around, but when the days are sharp it is not so difficult. Writers ought to take advantage of their inner restlessness which comes in the spring and direct it toward productive writing. One of the greatest features of a training is that it provides a constant incentive to write and gives the writer something definite to do. The "self-made" writer usually has suffered long periods of unproductiveness at various intervals that would not have been necessary had he secured some satisfactory course of training.

It is significant to note in the article printed on this page in which Mr. A. W. Pezet, literary editor of *The Forum*, is quoted, the emphasis placed upon workmanship. Merely having a good plot or something to say brings neither a thrill to the writer nor checks. The author must know the essential technique and must be so trained that he can convey his story to the reader in the most effective way.

I had a very interesting talk with Gertrude Atherton recently. She told me that the first real help she had in story writing was when a critic fully criticised and analyzed one of her stories. She said she learned more from that than from all the previous independent effort she had put into writing. In a forthcoming issue of *The Author & Journalist* I expect to tell readers other things that this interesting writer had to say.

Dear Instructor:

Another group of assignments completed, and my interest is increasing.

I realize now that I knew absolutely nothing of the structure of the short-story when I entered my name as your pupil. Of course, I do not yet consider myself a success—far, far from it; but I have learned much—very much, from the few assignments I have already completed.

I wish you luck, and am ready to back up the S. T. C. at all times, regardless of what kind of criticisms I receive on my work.

Respectfully yours,

J. B.—Minneapolis, Minn.

PURPOSE OF STORIES

Literary Editor of *The Forum*
States Belief that Authors
are Selfish

"It is workmanship. It is the thrill of a job well done that fires the imagination," wrote A. W. Pezet in *The Forum* anent the aspiring writer. The contents of a story may appeal to the emotions of the lay reader, but to the writer himself the method and craftsmanship of the story are what make the greatest appeal.

The subject came up for discussion through a letter sent to *The Forum* by one of its readers. The following passage is the heart of the correspondent's plaint:

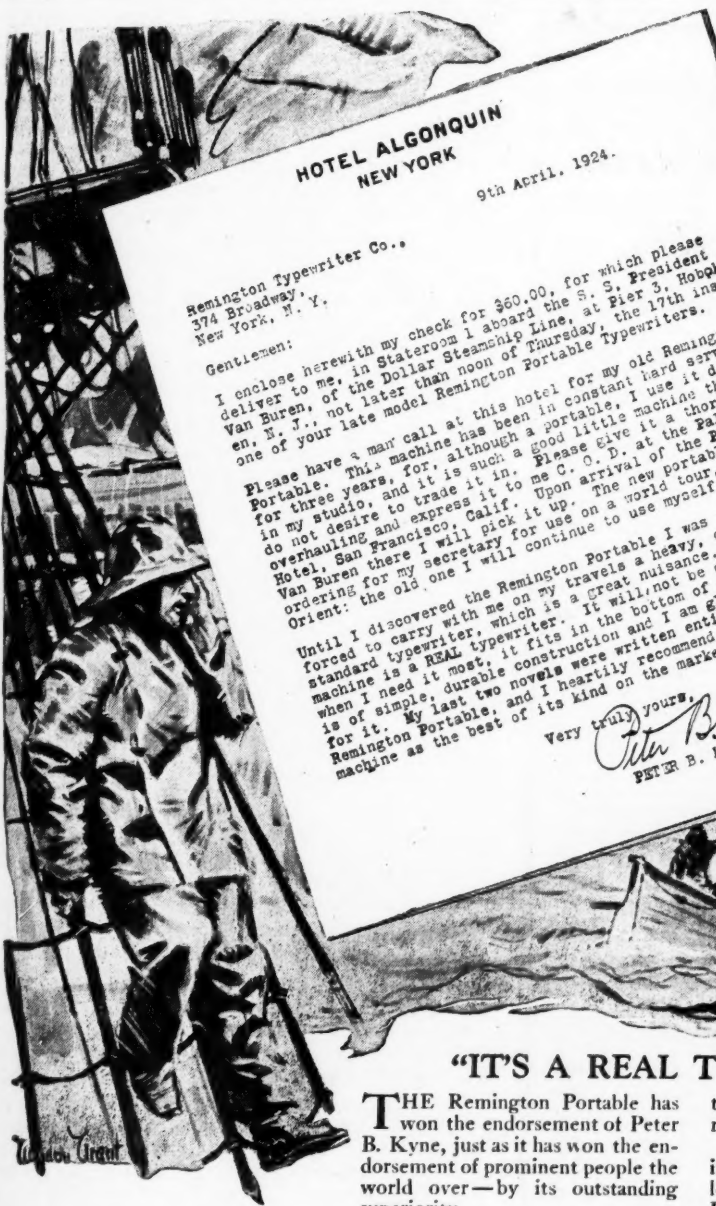
Now, stories are written to amuse, edify, and instruct, not to depress, nauseate, manufacture gloom, libel a great president like Lincoln, or take us into the abode of people we would not touch with a ten-foot pole if we met them in real life.

Mr. Pezet, as a result of the communication of which the foregoing is an excerpt, was called upon to defend *The Forum's* \$1000 prize short-story. His reply is illuminating with reference to what is generally the real motivating element back of an author's desire to write.

If the writer is a real artist he is not interested either in amusing, edifying, or instructing. He is trying to the best of his ability and talent, impelled by an inner urge that must often overcome a natural laziness, to depict life as he sees it; to give a transcript of life; to catch something of that elusive reality which manifests itself to the human mind as truth or beauty, or both. If he is a commercial writer he is, to put it quite brutally, writing for the "kale."

I firmly believe that writers, as a class, are quite selfish and that few of them ever write consciously for the amusement, edification, or instruction of their fellowmen.

Mr. Pezet had the best of the argument so far as the one set of letters is concerned. The correspondent in a postscript, stated that he understood American writers were trying to imitate the Russians in reproducing the atrocities of darkest Russia with an American background. Mr. Pezet stated that writers in this country were not greatly influenced by the Russian school, but were simply breaking away from the Victorian popularity of "the saccharine sentimentality and romantic untruthfulness."



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Countryside, Elgin, Ill., is a new weekly paper of the David C. Cook Publishing Company designed for all ages of the country home and Sunday-school. It uses short-stories of 1500 words and less. The first issue was for April 4, 1925. David C. Cook, Jr., managing editor, announces: "While stories and articles of a seasonable nature will be considered at any time, we prefer manuscripts at least four or five months in advance of publication. At this time we are ready to consider manuscripts suitable for use during the mid-summer and early fall months (June to September). Where applicable, kindly note in pencil on manuscript for which month, season, or special day it is intended." The editor further states: "Stories submitted to *Countryside* have brought out, thus far, four main criticisms which we believe will prove helpful for authors to know. We submit the following, not with the idea of finding fault, but in order that a large percentage of manuscripts may prove available. 1. Many stories begin with one or both of the parents dead. In such cases it is difficult to carry out the family group idea, as the family is not complete. 2. Some stories have turned the farm into a summer resort or some other enterprise. Thus the motive or message is not typical of American farm life. 3. A large number of stories merely present a helpful plan or enterprise in narrative form. Their purpose is, evidently, to suggest some good plan or method to the reader rather than to tell a story. The story must have some real plot and a situation big enough to cause a heart throb. 4. The mortgage on the farm figures in about two out of three stories received. This is too high an average."

The Good Samaritan, Salina, Kansas, Cora May Culver, executive secretary, sends word: "We are in the market for short-stories and statistical facts bearing upon poverty—its causes and cure. Manuscripts must run not over 3000 words. Can also use a good serial along the same line, depicting the helping hand. Each installment or chapter must embrace some form of mercy, kindness, charity, or heroic rescue. The articles must deal with rescue and relief work—famine, flood, pestilence, fire, earthquake, etc. We will pay a liberal premium for suitable manuscripts."

The Macaulay Company, publishers, have moved from 15 W. Thirty-eighth Street to 115 E. Twenty-third Street, New York. The company specializes in popular fiction, catering to the public's immediate tastes.

The Charles Renard Company is a new publishing firm located at 21 E. Fortieth Street, New York. It prints works by present-day established writers, old classics, and some non-fiction.

Physical Fitness, 261 Plane Street, Newark, N. J., has been suspended.

Authors sending express packages to Hollywood Publishers, Hollywood, Calif., who recently solicited material, receive notices from the express company that Hollywood Publishers have moved, leaving no forwarding address.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man., Canada, uses outdoor material, serials and short-stories treating usually of heroics. Rates are not available.

Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, E. E. Plummer, managing editor, states: "*Radio Digest* is interested in both technical radio and non-technical radio copy. News items concerning radio happenings are also purchased. Technical copy may be descriptive of complete sets, parts and accessories, or clever ideas for use of the home radio technician. Non-technical radio articles may be descriptive of broadcasting stations (illustrated) or interviews with prominent radio artists or figures. The latter should also be illustrated. Technical and non-technical articles are paid for at rates of from 1 to 10 cents a word, photographs, \$2.00 each. News items are paid for at the rate of 1½ cents an agate line, headlines included in payment. Front page banner stories are given a bonus of \$10.00. Payment for manuscripts is generally made on publication."

New Sensations desires manuscripts sent direct to the editor, Addison Lewis, at 709 Fifth Street, South Minneapolis, though manuscripts sent to the address of the associate editor, Dick P. Tooker, 825 Fourth Avenue, South, Minneapolis, as listed in the March **AUTHOR & JOURNALIST**, will reach the editorial offices.

Radio Age, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, through a member of the staff, announces: "*Radio Age* is now preparing fiction for its summer and fall issues. All stories should be of 2000 words or less, if purely fictional, and not more than 1200 words if dealing with broadcasting stations or their entertainers. Pictures are especially desired for this latter type of material. Rates now are from 1 to 2 cents per word with additional for illustrations."

The Retail Tobacconist, 117 W. Sixty-first Street, New York, H. B. Patrey of the staff, writes: "It would be appreciated if you would insert in your magazine that we are in the market for articles dealing with cigar-store merchandising, also articles on how various cigar or pipe merchants have made unusual successes. We pay ½ cent per word up."

The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine, London, Ont., Canada, is a weekly using short-stories and serials as an added feature aside from its regular farm news. Rates and methods of payment are not at hand.

Keith's Magazine, 100 N. Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn., "is in the market for articles on home-building and interior decoration," according to the editor, Edna King. "We can use articles of 800 to 1500 words each to best advantage. Articles illustrated with clear photographs measuring 8 by 10 inches are given preference. We do not use poetry. Payment is made on publication. We can also use a limited number of articles on gardening and short articles of 200 to 500 words on any of the above subjects."

Dodge Publishing Company has moved to 148-156 W. Twenty-third Street, from 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Business Woman, 270 Madison Avenue, New York, which was reported to be resuming publication after several months' suspension, is sending contributors notices that publication has been definitely suspended.

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The reading fee entitles the writer to a brief criticism of his manuscript if it is not accepted for marketing. This service will attempt to market only short-stories, novels and articles which are considered likely to sell. We will not attempt to market verse or photographs. For selling a manuscript 15 per cent of the amount paid by the magazine is charged; minimum commission, \$3.00.

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WHAT AN EDITOR WANTS

By A. H. BITTNER, Associate Editor *The Frontier*..... Postpaid, \$1.10.

Mr. Bittner has unquestionably produced one of the most practical and helpful volumes ever offered to fiction writers. One of the especially instructive features is the building up of a plot from the original germinal idea to the completed short-story. Each step is clearly indicated and the final story, as accepted and published in a leading magazine, is reproduced. The chapters entitled "The Story is the Thing," "Getting That Plot," and "Action," are indispensable.

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Fundamentals of Fiction Writing, Arthur Sullivan Hoffman, editor of *Adventure Magazine*. Aimed directly at the faults which are the chief causes of rejection. Reduces the theory of fiction to the utmost simplicity. Fully understanding the basic idea, "creating the illusion," the author needs no other technique. Postpaid, \$2.15

The Business of Writing, Robert Cortes Holli-day and Alex. Van Rensselaer. An especially valuable guide for the young author. Hundreds of practical rules for dealing with editors and publishers. Postpaid, \$2.15

Plotting the Short Story, Culpeper Chunn. A mightily helpful exposition of germ-plots, what they are and where to find them. Contains invaluable "plot chart." Postpaid, \$1.10

The 36 Dramatic Situations, Georges Polti. Catalogues all the possible situations that the relations of life offer the writer. A standard book. Postpaid, \$1.65

Making Your Camera Pay, Frederick C. Davis. How to make the right photographs and market them. Postpaid, \$1.10

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THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST, 1835 Champa Street, Denver, Colo.

Real Life Stories, 145 W. Fifty-seventh Street, New York, a publication of The Magazine Builders, Inc., is sending contributors the following letter: *Real Life Stories* has passed from the jurisdiction of this department. At the moment it is impossible to advise you what the new policy will be or to whom to submit manuscripts. This sudden change is a matter beyond our control." Signed, Eliot Keen, Editor.

Wireless Age, 326 Broadway, New York City, the magazine fostered by the Radio Corporation of America, advises a correspondent that it is interested in a series of articles, well illustrated, depicting actual radio conditions and developments, present and future, in all important countries. The editor states that good payment will be promptly made for this class of material. A contributor advises that he has just received a check for \$50 from *Wireless Age* for a synopsis of what he saw in foreign countries and a few photographs; the article was written by the staff from his notes. C. S. Anderson is editor.

Gertrude Crumb Harman, 209 Union Street, Emporia, Kans., who in the November, 1924, *AUTHOR & JOURNALIST* announced the launching of a new child's magazine, writes from 2279 W. Twentieth Street, Los Angeles, Calif., to a contributor: "Due to an accident, my partner in my new magazine venture has been disabled. On account of this there has been an unavoidable delay in replying to letters sent me. Manuscripts will be returned. Names and addresses will be put on file and an announcement mailed to correspondents as soon as we are ready for business."

Wallace's Farmer, Des Moines, Iowa, Donald R. Murphy, managing editor, writes: "We are not buying short fiction for adults."

The Crowell Publishing Company, publishers of *The American Magazine*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *Farm and Fireside*, and *The Mentor*, has moved from 381 Fourth Avenue to 250 Park Avenue, New York.

The Cross Word Puzzle Magazine, 37 W. Fifty-seventh Street, New York, has appeared. It features not only cross-word puzzles, but novelities, fiction, sketches, verse and articles having a cross-word puzzle angle. Simon & Schuster are the publishers.

Little, Brown & Company, 34 Beacon Street, Boston, has taken over the publications of The Atlantic Monthly Press, 8 Arlington Street, Boston.

Popular Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, sends the following notification: "We are cutting out the use of editorials, and are in the market for fiction only."

Advertising and Selling Fortnightly has moved from 52 Vanderbilt Avenue to 9 E. Thirty-eighth Street, New York.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, Calif., under date of January 29th, 1925, writes a contributor: "We are buying practically no original material at the present time, picturizing only the published book and produced play."

SERVICE DEPARTMENTS

THE EDITORS OF THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST maintain departments for the convenience of those who desire authoritative advice upon their literary problems, training in the art of writing, or assistance in the preparation or marketing of manuscripts. These departments are now in their ninth year of helpful service to writers, and their benefits are available for nominal fees. Clients of these service branches are guaranteed the personal attention of the editors, and thus are assured of sincere, capable assistance and instruction, backed by a substantial institution.

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PROSE MANUSCRIPT CRITICISM. Manuscripts submitted to THE *AUTHOR & JOURNALIST*, accompanied by the proper fee, are carefully read and frankly and constructively criticised. Good features, as well as faults, are pointed out and remedies are suggested for the latter. Marketing advice forms a part of this service. This department is in charge of Mr. Edwin Hunt Hoover, successful writer of fiction and articles, associate editor of THE *AUTHOR & JOURNALIST*. The fees, which should accompany submitted manuscripts, are as follows: Manuscripts up to 1500 words, \$1.50; 2500 words, \$2; 3000 words, \$2.50; 4000 words, \$2.75; 5000 words, \$3; 7500 words, \$3.50; 10,000 words, \$4; longer manuscripts, each 10,000 words, \$3.50. Play manuscripts, \$5 for each act. Photoplays, double the prose manuscript rates.

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Dr. Burton

PRIZES: It will be easy for you to finish this plot. Try it. 1st, \$25.00; 2nd, \$10.00; 3rd, \$5.00. Send only one solution, not over 100 words. Don't copy plot. Write name, age (18 or over), address, and number of words plainly. Contest closes May 10th, 1925. No plots returned. A few minutes' use of your imagination may win you the \$25.00 cash prize. Anyway, it's good practice. Try. Show this plot to your friends.

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Notes on English Markets

By ERIC SAMUEL

(All the following, unless otherwise mentioned, are addressed London E. C.A.)

Hutchinson's Magazine, 34 Paternoster Row. Although the work of well-known writers is favored, there is some field for stories with interesting dialogue and pleasing construction. Plots need not be strikingly original, but they must be developed in a logical, satisfying manner. Characterization should not be overdone. On the other hand, atmosphere that adds reality is welcomed. Smooth language is perhaps the feature most desired, and nicely balanced sentences often tempt acceptance of an otherwise fairly good tale. Nature articles of wide interest are used, together with several clear, sharp photos; the latter must accompany articles. These nature articles should be treated from an imaginative standpoint, paying careful attention to dramatic values and vigorous action between the animal contestants. Probably the worst sin is slang.

The Writer, also 34 Paternoster Row. This magazine is slow in reporting on manuscripts, often ignoring letters of inquiry. But when it does answer, its terms are fair, and the editor will sometimes take the trouble to retype an article, sending a copy to the author for approval. All styles are used, though an extremely vivacious presentation does not tempt so much as a logical style. Articles should be informative and full of meaty wisdom for beginners in the editor-tempting path to the workplace.

The Quiver, Messrs. Cassell & Co., La Belle Sauvage. Sound, informative articles on unique experiences in the wild parts of the earth are welcomed, especially if accompanied by photos. A fine screen (the English term is "block") is used for pictures, so they must be full of detail, enlarged on glossy bromide, and preferably developed with amidol, which gives a rich blue-black tone. Artistic presentation is the aim for stories, but there should be a considerable element of conflict, ending in complete triumph for the hero.

Cassell's Magazine, also Messrs. Cassell & Co., La Belle Sauvage. A whirl of action is the keynote of this magazine. There must be no flabby sentimentality. Every character should be full-blooded, and able to die thrillingly at the right part of the story, without making the reader feel that there is improbability; reality must be soaked into the tale. Love may be introduced as a secondary interest.

Nash's Magazine, 153 Queen Victoria Street. Only the work of well-known authors is printed. This gives a splendid chance to American writers of repute who have made their name. Payment is liberal, and style is rated far more important than plot.

Daily Mail, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street. This is the biggest English paper, with its circulation of over a million a day. Travel articles of about 300 words, vividly descriptive, are welcomed, and concentration should be on the thrilling parts of an adventure, or an amusing episode in some foreign place. Brevity is essential. Periodically, short half-columns on the Swiss winter sports and

similar happenings are printed, and this paper does not care from what country they come, for foreign customs are frequently of the greatest interest to English people. Lately, a third of a column has often been given to articles on love. These represent conversations with women who have a marriage problem, and after that start, the writer draws a chattily-put moral. Titles should be snappy, and of two or three words. Too obvious preaching, however, is obviously shunned. Various phases of love puzzles are treated, such as handicapping shyness, signs of fading affection, etc. Two guineas is not at all a big price for the publication to pay for a 300-word article. Ten pounds per column is sometimes given, and still more in the case of a famous writer. Length must be kept down; so must long, involved sentences.

Daily News, Bouverie Street. The minimum payment for articles is half a guinea. These are of a lighter nature than those in the *Daily Mail*, and must therefore be treated in a breezy, correct English style. People, rather than places and peculiar things, should form the subject. Checks are sent within about a week of publication, but no voucher copies of the paper are forwarded to the author. Imaginative writers may find a welcome here, for a different viewpoint will often bring the cash, such as an article on various blends of pipe tobacco for different moods, etc. Typewriting is not essential, as it is with the *Daily Mail*. Plain, clear handwriting stands just as good a chance. Style is not important, tell the tale in a straightforward way, or tinge it with fancy. Keep to paragraphs that are short and properly punctuated.

Daily Express, Shoe Lane. Information is the keynote of articles used. They should be written brightly in good English, though without Americanisms which would be considered elegant in New York. Bear in mind the tired-minded clerk, reading in the tube on the way to the office, and devise something to amuse and hold his attention for a few brief minutes, without too great concentration; there is the secret! Serials of about 80,000 words are bought, for which fifty pounds upwards is paid. These should contain plenty of dialogue, and must be of the conventional English newspaper type. Originality is useless. Little action is required, and the characters should be engaged in endless conversations bearing on the plot. Stilted dialogue is obviously unsuitable. No exceptional talent is required, but merely a certain knack, which may often be acquired after a short study of examples.

Colour, 53, Victoria Street, S.W.1. This magazine pays very moderate prices for short-stories. For a couple of thousand words, two guineas can be considered the most an unknown may hope to receive. Despite a greater freedom in style, there must be a distinctive glamour, appealing to the shingled reader and her cigarette-soaked pal.

Cornhill Magazine, 50, Albermarle Street, W.1. Here again, the standard is high, and payment is good. A very old-established periodical, it has still to maintain its Victorian reputation for soundness, though occasional attempts have been made to pump in a little modern pep. Sex stories are enough to give the editor a sure-fire coffin swipe. Such matters dare not be printed in this type of Mag.

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JULIAN KILMAN is the author of fiction which has appeared in more than forty magazines of various types, including *Atlantic Monthly*, *Smart Set*, *Double Dealer*, *Brief Stories*, *Saucy Stories*, *Black Mask*, and others. He has been "triple-starred" by O'Brien in his annual collection of best short-stories of the year. He is instructor in short-story writing in the University of Buffalo.

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